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Moody Days

BY

MARGARET

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Moody Days

BY
MARGARET T. DEAVER

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In Memory

OF THE TIME WHEN WE WALKED TOGETHER

HAND IN HAND; I DEDICATE TO YOU DEAR

Nellie Gray,

THIS SMALL VOLUME.

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INTRODUCTION.

The critical eye of the public may never peruse these lines.

I am in this way simply striving to lighten the burden of my own mind, which, at times, seems more than I can endure.

Have you ever stood upon a mountain and watched the beautiful banks of soft white clouds, as they swiftly floated across the heavens? Or, on a cloudless day, lounged in an easy chair, the air laden with the sweet fragrance of summer, and lifted your eyes to the sky above you, then allow your gaze to wander to the hill-side, from whence the cow-bells' musical chime is wafted to you, as the grazing herd lazily nip the tender green?

Old Brindle eats her fill, then, standing in the shade of the wide-spreading oak, her tail lazily brushing away the festive fly, while, now and then, her head is thrown around to her side, to relieve the unpleasant sting of an unusually severe bite, and, finally, she wanders off to the babbling brook, that seems to be singing its own song of praise to the beauties of Nature. She will plunge into the

rippling waters, forming a pretty picture for the eye. A scene of absolute idleness—idle comfort,—while enjoying the cool shade.

Or, again, you hear the low mutterings in the distance, that herald the approach of the storm king! you flee madly from the house, feeling that you will suffocate if you remain within a moment longer. You fling your arms madly about, in almost a frenzy of ecstasy, and eagerly stretch forth your hands to the breeze, watching with a thrill of joy; as the storm gathers force and onward comes, bending the stately trees in dignified salutation, until you feel lifted from this dull earth, mingling with the storm spirits of the air—with feelings both of pleasure, and of pain.

They embrace you with their phantom arms, then hurriedly fling you from them, and flit on and on, laughingly looking back, with wildly flowing locks, and draperies of fluttering white.

Listen!—some one is calling! Awake! The King of Day is bursting forth in all his radiant glory! You bound from your couch, hastily push aside the hangings of your window, and look out upon a perfect spring day. Again you hurry forth, with bounding step, to commune with Nature—happy, joyous, and gay, longing for the wings of a dove, that you might hasten whence fancy willed. Turn to the trees and flowers! Ponder! How Spring is lightly touching with her magic wand. These beautiful gifts for man's enjoyment, which

only this dainty touch can imbue with new life and beauty.

I often wonder when Spring comes gliding in, why we are so joyous and gay. And yet there is an unutterable longing for something we can not name. Indeed, the lives of all, are spring-like in this respect.

So it is, we are alike unto nature,—the beautiful but ever-changing! Joy, gladness—sorrow, despair!

Moody days — days of brightness — days of shadow!

Reader, you will not find the contents of this little volume connected. I am only laying bare my heart—sometimes calm, again bounding in hot anger and indignation; then throbbing in a perfect hell of despair.

So, in moody days only, will I endeavor to give you a pen picture of the restless mind of

MARGARET THEODORA DEAVER.

ECHOES.

"Rippling waters, flowing onward,
Onward, to the ocean wide,
Gliding over silvery pebbles,
Joining with the endless tide.
Laughing waters, rippling waters,
Flowing on to join the tide.

From the distant past the echoes
Sounding in my heart today,
Blend together past and present,
Shaping life from sheer decay,
Echoes blending past and present,
Springing life from real decay."

——R.

Echoes! echoes from the long ago!

Echoes sound o'er the dark, stagnant pool. The sluggish waters hide many secrets, drawing forever a curtain over the bodies of despairing creatures who, in their anguish, sought this lonely place, hoping here to find rest down in the depths of the dark waters, away from the strife of the world.

Echoes sound through the mountain pass, echoing and re-echoing from precipice to precipice, bearing on and on the organized wail of the un-

fortunate traveler, who, losing his footing, is suddenly hurled down, down, into the chasm below, and in an instant he treads the narrow foot path which leads to eternity's brink.

Echoes, resound o'er the peaceful farm-house in the valley, catching the plantive note of the turtle-dove; until it seems that myriad spirits are flitting around this calm, quiet spot. The house-dog lying in the cool shade, catches the sweet, yet lonely sound, and the plantive melody penetrating even the canine nature, he raises his hoarse and grating voice, causing the quiet valley to reverberate with his melancholy howling.

Echoes, re-echoing the tread of countless footsteps—footsteps of a vast city's population—sounding the tread of weary feet, that press the oft-trod pathways of life.

Echoes of the footsteps of indifference.

Echoes of the firm tread of determination.

Echoes of joyous footsteps--footseps of childhood! Who but the child is ever truly happy? Alas! how quickly the light footsteps become slow and dragging, and the echo of joy is transformed to the echo of a hollow groan.

Echoes! forming link after link, composing a ponderous chain, spaning the universe.

Echoes, that waft the quiet breathing of my babyhood among the tossing boughs—reechoing my gleeful laugh of early childhood, forming the golden links in the endless chain of life.

Echoes of the schoolroom, sounding the mirth of mischievous schoolmates.

Echoes! forming the links in the chain of existence, as in maidenhood the herculean blacksmith forges with many telling blows the iron band to encircle my heart.

Echoes of the past, present, and future come to my ears, as, in the twilight, I watch my bright Star of Hope, setting in the boundless expanse of darkness.

PAST—FUTURE.

I am standing beside the funeral bier, that will soon bear the cold still form of eighteen hundred and ninety-eight into the great beyond! He will not "approach his tomb like a quarry-slave at night, scourged to his dungeon," but may he for all "approach his grave like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams." While I watch his labored efforts as he draws his fluttering breath, his eyes all but closed in that last long sleep, I take his hand in a loving clasp—for, has he not brought great joy during his reign? And, though some sorrow, has he not in a kingly manner given the balm of happiness to lessen the sting? As I raise my bowed head, I see I do not weep alone, for King Winter mourns with me. And, if not here, in the cold northern land, where he holds mighty sway, he has brought as a gift to the dying year, a winding sheet of snow.

The moments are passing.. As the clock hands upon the shelf point heavenward, our great and good friend breathes his last.

I turn to King Winter for sympathy in this great sorrow. Lo! his countenance is radiant and

smiling, and his raiment of white seems changed to wedding garments. He returns my glance of sorrow with a smile of hope and good cheer, exclaiming, "weep not; for see, the young king in all his glory is approaching!"

Looking toward the east, I see the first rays of the dawn; that give warning that the new king of eighteen hundred and ninety-nine taketh up his sceptre.

May joy and gladness crown his reign!

SMILES AND TEARS.

Oh, happy laughter of childhood!

"Night with sable pinions" has glided in and silently folded the busy world in restful darkness. As I sit in the gathering gloom, while the shadows deepen, the music of the merry laughter of little children is wafted to my ear upon the evening zephyrs. And from a distant cloister, the more matured, but still joyous laughter of the older boys and girls, just now stepping into the shadowy realm of young manhood and womanhood.

Have you ever stopped to note the change of the quality of mirth, as time advances year by year? First, the cooing laugh of babyhood, that causes one to think of the white-winged dove of peace—this baby laugh of innocence that fancy parallels with the lyric music of the angels of heaven. Surely it is the sublime chord in that grand orchestra of Jehovah, sent to brighten this sin-cursed earth!

Then the mirth of childhood, as in almost an ecstasy of enthusiasm they spend the happiest years of their varied life. The white dove struts proudly upon the graveled walk, and spreading its graceful wings, flits to the moss-covered eaves, coo-

ing softly to its mate, nestles its head caressingly upon the downy wing, and so we leave them slumbering in peace.

Another step, and we are treading the shadowy land, where sweet childhood is gliding swiftly into the past, while flitting moods of graver thoughts are mingled with the joyous laughter of maidenhood.

We bound eagerly forward. And that which yesterday seemed an avenue strewn with fragrant roses, is today a rough and narrow path bordered with thorns, which causes us to lose forever the mirthful chord of earlier years. We begin now to realize the stern trials of life, and alas, our days of sunshine now have their hours of gloom.

The white winged dove that once soared so high, is now in the dust of the highway, the proud head, once so erect droops low, and the wings of snowy white flutter in agonized despair.

Yes, there is one step more that comes, aye, comes, all too fast!

Time has furrowed the brow, and left his snows upon the now thin locks—the step is uncertain, the wrinkled hand is palsied, the sight is dimned, the form tottering and wasted, and the light musical laugh has died from the pale and faded lips. And drifting on and on, clothed in robes of deepest melancholy, the feet are at last bathed in the dark stream that marks the boundary line of earth's fitful journey.

DISCONTENT.

"There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

"For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And Heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here."

From—"Blessed Are They That Mourn."

——By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh the dreary, dreary days! When even Nature herself seems to withhold her sympathy. Days when the sky is leaden, and my life is dark and dreary. Will it ever be thus? Will there never come the sunny days, with dancing sunbeams, along this monotonous life-path—days so joyous and peaceful—peace of mind that will abide with me for at least a little space? Oh, for the rest and happiness my tortured heart craves! I do not wish for the hollow joys of the world—to see the admiration of the countless throng, ever seeking for something new and amusing. What is it I wish? Ah, my heart questioneth, but my mind answereth not!

If I could but clasp the hands of loved ones, and say, "Come with me to the sunny land of hap-

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piness, where is freedom from the cares and petty trials of this world. Come to that glorious clime, where the rosy dawn and brilliant sunset call from our hearts thanksgiving and praise to the great Jehovah—there, in one complete and congenial circle, we can glory in the blessings and beauty of the sun, swinging in majesty across the delicately tinted heavens; and setting in all grandeur hehind deep purpled hills." And, when his bright, smiling face disappears behind the distant mountains, we watch the golden rays pass into the mysterious depths of the unknown, leaving lingering promises of a sure return.

This happiness is unbroken; our hearts o'erflow, and our souls are stirred to the very depths of admiration of the exquisite beauties of Nature.

We watch in blissful peace while the mellow light deepens into darker tones. Then awaking from this blissful reverie behold the fair "Queen of Night." Ascending her throne in the dome of the the deep blue heavens, she daintily adjusts her dress of silver gauze, moves majestically across the great expanse, wielding her sceptre o'er her boundless domain. Her countless attendants—the innumerable retinue of silver stars—hold their breath and tremble in the intensity of admiration, as, with sparkling eyes, they behold their Queen, moving in all her splendor and queenly beauty.

Peace, happiness, rest, from this vain and ceaseless discontent!

LIFE'S RAINY DAYS.

"When in the night we wake and hear the rain."

This sweet, yet dreary thought, has repeatedly presented itself to my mind.

It is the title of a beautiful poem I read sometime ago.

Perhaps the thought is suggested by the oppressive gloom of today. All through the waking hours the crystal drops have pattered upon the roof; now softly, now with a terrific violence, and as I listen, I say to myself: "How like a rainy day is life!"

Awaking in the morning, I hear the falling rain drops. I turn upon my pillow and courting slumber, try to forget the day. So our lives are like unto rainy days. I face my existence.

The rains are descending upon the great canopy of my life. In anguish I ask of the winds, "Will all my days be rainy?" The low muttering of the thunder draws nearer. Louder now it sounds, and more angry, until, rolling through the frowning heavens, its roar becomes as the din of battle. Now and then come dazzling flashes of lightning, that cause me to start and shrink in terror. The

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gloom is penetrated with a bright light, but its passing is so rapid that nothing is discernible. The rain drops fall faster and still faster. Myriad feet now dance upon the roof; now with a lighter tread, like unto a tender caress. Out of the distance softly break faint gleams of light—now broadening, becoming brighter—until, with splendor the glorious sun sends forth his blinding rays and proudly he waves from his presence the awe-stricken clouds, and they reverently retreat, and all is brightness.

So in all our lives, the pattering fall of rain drops, symbolize the weary monotonous days.

The insignificant troubles cause the frown upon our faces to become habitual.

The great trials of life, cause us to start and shrink. The agony is so great for a time that our senses are benumbed. But Time (at once the distroyer, and the healer,) soothes our aching heads and hearts, and our sufferings are alleviated.

Heaven-born waves of happiness now break upon our tortured hearts, and passing, carry with them the last twinges of pain and sorrow. And as the white-capped waves break upon the shores of time we are left standing with uplifted hands, and lips o'erflowing with praise—in God's own sunshine.

MOTHER-LOVE.

I have been thinking of that most precious of gifts, a mother's love.

The vast ocean has been sounded, and its depths ascertained; the earth spanned, and its circumference measured; the lightning has been plucked from the clouds, and is in strict obedience to man's wish. Edison has given to us the possibility of hearing our own voices, in oratory and song; he entrances nations by flashing his living pictures before their delighted eyes. By the aid of wonderfully constructed mechanism the eye can penetrate solid substance; peer into the human body, and gaze upon the great center of life, as it marks the passing moments.

In fact, man's wonderful brain and ingenuity have fathomed almost all the mysteries of land and sea!

But who has yet discovered the height, the depth, the length, the breadth of a mother's love?

Friends may despise you, brothers avoid, and fathers forsake you; but though all else shall fail, mother will cling to her child in loving sympathy, and will shield you with her life, until at last, her waxen hands are folded upon her stilled heart, and

EARNEST
AGE
16
MONTHS

the tired and faded eyes, that in time past flashed defiance at the countless fingers pointed in scorn at the child of her bosom, are closed in that last long sleep.

It was *mother* who hushed the feeble cries of infancy; it was *mother* who straightened the cramped limbs, and soothed the burning brow. It was *mother* who burned the midnight oil and bowed in speechless agony over the tiny sufferer's couch; and when the weary eyes unclosed, the little one found comfort only upon mother's breast. Mother, mother! Is there a sweeter name on earth? Is there a word that recalls so vividly the sacred memories of the dearest friend of childhood days?

When we arrive at young manhood and womanhood we may look back upon those early days, and this despairing wail arises from the suffering heart: "Oh, mother, mother! would to God that your love and wisdom could have pierced the coming years, and as you bathed my fevered brow, your prayer had been that "the peace of the grave might be mine!"

If we but could look beyond—beyond——

LOVE—SATISFYING OR——?

"Faith, Hope and Love were questioned what they thought
Of future glory, which Religion taught,
Now, Faith believed it firmly to be true,
And Hope expected so to find it too;
Love answered, smiling, with a conscious glow,
Believe? Expect? I *know* it to be so."

——By JOHN BYRON.

We all have our spectacles, and whether we will it or not, they settle themselves upon our noses and *compel* us to look through them and see the defects of the human race. I say "*compel*"! But shall I acknowledge the truth for us all? Yes, it takes but very little persuasion, for we are all too ready to look through these glasses to criticise and ridicule everything that comes within the range of our vision.

Last evening as I sat alone, this thought arose within me: "Strange it is, when we love no one, the world is a vast, dreary desert, where the sun of discontent beats mercilessly down upon us while trudging along through its burning sands.

But then, when we *do* love we are miserable! So there is but little choice!

When we do not love, we move as one treading

unfamiliar paths, fearing lest we miss our footing, looking out upon the world with sad and heavy eyes.

Monotony! Monotony! Monotony! The heart cries out: "I would rather sink into the very depths of misery, than suffer this calm endurance!"

We love! The dark curtain that fluttered so gently in the breezes is drawn aside by a generous hand, and catching a glimpse of the rosy-hued dawn, the pain at our heart is tempted by its exquisite beauty. Eagerly we watch with fascinated eyes this enchanting glow.

Lost in joy and admiration, we watch the varicolored picture (Love) as it deepens into richer tints, until it becomes one seething burning mass of rich red flames (Jealousy), that scorch us with their fiery breath; and we are so tortured that we would gladly exchange this burning heart for the cold and untouched heart that beat within us in times past.

Another picture! Here are two that love dearly, yet in the presence of others they utterly ignore one another, each apparently perfectly indifferent as to what may be the feelings of the other. It is surely peculiar how we endeavor to deceive one another, and even ourselves, in this respect; but certain it is, we do deceive.

So on we go, wearily treading the same life path that thousands have trod before—until finally we discover that the cup of sorrow is filled to the

brim, and we must drink the very dregs of despair! Looking back at the long, winding road we have just traversed, we hastily turn away, as Memory, that mischievous sprite, dances upon the verge of the land where happiness, sorrow and disappointment are one tangled mass.

Our weary eyes revert to the scene before us. With the dauntless and reckless courage of the human mind, we eagerly press onward. With throbbing heart, we stretch forth our hands and grasp at the closely drawn curtain of the Future, and vainly endeavor to fling it aside, that we may see that which lies beyond. But at last human audacity must acknowledge its defeat. Overwhelmed with the realization of our insignificance, retreat and submission are the only alternative.

MEMORIAL.

"Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?"

From—"Eulogy Written in a Country Churchyard."

——THOMAS GRAY.

'Tis the dawn of the Nation's Memorial Day, and eager, interested crowds hurry on to that beautiful, but ever awe-inspiring city of the dead. They surge on, laughing, jesting gaily. Presently they assume (or it may be real) a solemn aspect. Quietly, and with tender hands they strew flowers o'er the graves of the silent sleepers who have gone—gone—where?

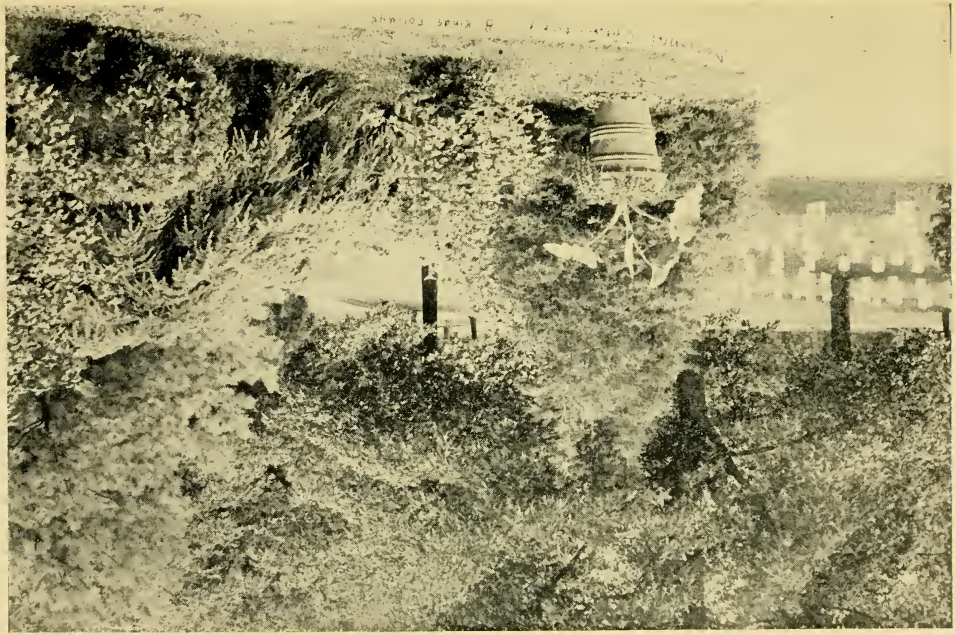
Few and short are the years that have passed since the dwellers of this silent city were effulgent with the light of youth and animated life. Today the green sward is the roof of their dwelling-place, upon which will beat the storms of ages, and as Time rolls on, this house of clay will sink and be obliterated, and the memory even of the tomb will fade away.

So your grave and mine will some day be forgotten, and our resting place may be a path over which thousands of feet may tread, knowing not of

the ashes that repose there; or the busy part of a great city may be our unknowing monument; and as the light of many days has passed into the darkness of night—night which witnessed in its passing the joys and sorrows of man—those who trod the pathway o'er our graves will also come and rest upon the same common couch and sleep the dreamless sleep of Death.

We pass through the crowds that throng the graveyard. Their faces are a study as they move from tomb to tomb. We read the quaint epitaphs and every word contains a tear. We note the faces of those whose grief inspired those same words, and on those faces we read "forgetfulness." They have forgotten their dead: they forget that they, too, must die!

They see not the grim detective who is shadowing their footsteps. He laughs as he listens to these deluded ones who speak of the far distant day when they, too, will be laid away, and have for their covering the mound of clay and its springing grass, and for a winding sheet the soft, white snow; when they, too, shall sleep the sleep that knows no waking; where this body shall moulder and be forgotten by all save the worms of the earth that shall claim it as their rightful food. And so shall they take their departure across the dark river, and few will stand upon the banks of life and shed pitying tears. Then comes forgetfulness. What an awful yet blessed gift!



You and I have stood by the casket, and with sorrowing eyes watched the impassive face of the undertaker as he lifted the lid and allowed us to look for the last time upon the beloved face. Can anyone truly think otherwise, as they stand beside this dear body, than that the loved one has forever laid down the mortal life and taken up the immortal?

If I had no other assurance than my own feelings, when I stand beside the dead, I would be satisfied that death does not end all, but that it is simply a step into the dividing shadow of life—putting off of the old, and taking up of the new. And only when your feet touch the waters of the dark river will you be able to comprehend!

No messenger brings back the glad or sad tidings to those behind.

ON THE VERGE.

* * *

"Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none."

* * *

——Thomas Hood.

Truly, their seems to be a certain degree of pleasure in *dancing upon the verge!*

Daily I see young girls, fair of face and form, dancing with light-hearted indifference upon the verge which divides the two life-paths—where one more step will carry them past the diverging point, and they ponder not, nor question, which the path that leads to happiness, or which to misery and destruction.

And yet they dance, laughing gayly, coyly tossing unrestrained curls over bewitchingly dangerous eyes, that they may conceal what otherwise they could not escape seeing. Why will the young womanhood of today tread this broad path which is hedged along with so many pitfalls—that ever presents the rose to the enchanted traveler,

but secretes the thorn that will pierce the hearts of the deluded creatures?

Soon they will encounter great, high cliffs, which they must scale, and each upward step brings to the fair face a wrinkle, and each stumbling stone encountered detracts from the perfect symmetry that once was a magnificent crown to their beauty. The shoulders, once so erect, are stooping; the beautiful head that was so proudly held, crowned with nature's own clustering curls, is bowed in woe upon the heaving breast; and the once brilliant eyes are faded and dimmed by tears of bitter sorrow, and the blanched cheek shows no trace of the former peach-bloom of youth. They have made their choice and know that there is no turning back.

They scale the topmost obstacle, and tread the plain, leaving the road where "Blue-eyed Hope," with encouraging words, endeavored to guide them into the path of happiness. But, here, where the rebellious feet of these despoilers of their own souls, press the beaten ways, Hope, with her blue eyes o'erflowing with pitying tears, cries out in anguish: "Farewell! I leave you! I dare not pass into this barren land, where the wolf of sorrow and despair guards the portals—where pain, misery, sorrow and remorse endure forever; where the the human heart has gone to the very depths of despair."

And these sad wrecks, as they realize their

own folly, that can never be recalled from the grim keeper of the past, turn with despairing horror upon their hardened faces, and watch Hope, as her flitting form fades in the distance, until she is swallowed up in space.

Golden opportunity gone; approaching is—Death—Eternal.

DISTINCTIVE LINES.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

From—"A Psalm of Life."

——By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Did it ever occur to you that there are six distinct classes of people?

First—those who know nothing, and do not care to know. They are only animals, that in the spring time greedily devour the tender grass that nature brings forth.

True, these animals possess a soul! But from their own deliberate choosing, strangle it, in the first years of existence. There is little to be done for such creatures, unless, before the last stage sets in, and they become utter brutes, some grand workman of life will set to work with his chisel of endurance and hammer of good will; then he might, in time, with perseverance, produce a beautiful piece of work, that would send forth its light to penetrate into the souls of others, and warm into the living fountains the ice-bound hearts and start the ebb and flow of the life-blood of those who had been dead in trespasses and sin.

Then there is the ordinary man of today. He is not bothered with ambition. If he gets a few clothes, enough to eat, and a little of what he calls enjoyment, he, as a rule, is well contented, and will probably make an average husband—for one who is not very choice. Do not misunderstand me and say that I infer he has no soul. But you must acknowledge, it is not largely developed.

After this plodding pilgrim comes the wise (?) man. He goes about with a nonchalant air. He really does possess *some* knowledge; but in trying to flaunt his wisdom, displays his ignorance—ignorance of the one great talent of life. He sets himself upon a pedestal, and with blase expression upon his speaking (?) countenance, wearily looks down upon the stream of humanity. If you attempt to enter into conversation with this most interesting (?) individual, he will yawn, discuss the weather, inquire after the health of the family and by the time he has finished these interesting subjects, he is perfectly exhausted, and his reproachful eyes look upon you, and, from their depths (if you are quick at reading), you can trace these thoughts: "Do you not see how I have exerted myself to be pleasant, I could discuss deep subjects, but you would not understand, and, therefore, could not appreciate them.

We look impatiently past this character, wishing to forget he ever existed, and watch with interested eyes the one coming down the life path, and

exclaim: "Here is a truly great man!" He walks slowly for one of his years, but with a firm and resolute step. Pausing, he touches lightly with his cane a toad that is basking in the sunshine, and watches with a dreamy yet thoughtful light in his deep set eyes, and a quizzical smile upon his lips as the ungraceful little creature hastily scrambles out of his reach. Resuming his walk, he nods in a friendly manner to some laborers, as they look up from their work; he quickens his step and it can be seen from the expression in his noble eyes, that the recollection of some important duty causes him to hasten. But urgent business does not prevent him from lending a helping hand to a little street urchin, who has unfortunately come to grief in a foot race with his playmates. He lifts up the little fallen one, assures him he is not badly hurt, speaks a few gentle words, and after tenderly patting the head of matted curls, he resumes his hasty walk, leaving this little creature staring in astonished admiration upon his rescuer, as he passes from his sight. The youngster, starting at full speed to join his companions ejaculates "Holy smoke, but wasn't he a good 'un!" This man does not hold himself aloof, but mingles with, and listens attentively to all who address him, willing to learn of all. He does not converse upon trifles, but, with unconscious grace, pays the commonest people the compliment of talking with them as he would with the wisest of men. This man will laugh heartily at a humorous story

and can keep pace with anyone in talking nonsense, and not only talk it but enjoy the pastime. He, indeed, is a great man—one at whose feet all students of life, who are willing to learn, should count a blessing to sit, and hear the words of wisdom, sparkling jewels, as they fall from his lips, and become imbued with his spirit, and model their own acts after his high standard.

Then there is the impulsive man, usually of upright intentions; but alas, easily influenced for good or for evil. This man would make a fair flower to bloom in the garden of Jehovah, and would be capable of grand things, provided, he had a strong arm to lean upon, and a firm will to guide him into the right path. And so *his* fate rests upon the treacherous wave of circumstances.

Off with your hats, and cry "All hail!" as the true Christian comes calmly down the path. Why calmly? Because he leaneth not upon his own strength, but prays for the guiding arm of the Father, who is ever ready to help those who ask this blessing.

Search thyself!

To which class do *you* belong?

THE TONGUE—GOVERNED AND UNGOVERNED.

The tongue, governed, is a wonderful factor for good, peace and happiness.

The same member, ungoverned, is equally as great a factor in the opposite direction.

Is there anything, good or evil that has not been accomplished by this small member? Nations have been thrown into great enthusiasm by a few well chosen words of fiery eloquence. So words spoken, have traveled from lip to lip, until thousands upon thousands of men have stood ready to lay down their lives in defense of these words.

Again, in uttering a few kind words to wife, sweetheart, friend, sister, brother—words that will cause the brightest sunshine in our homes, though the King of Day may have hidden his light in a tempest of fury.

A few such words will cause the wife's worn face to beam again with the brightness of girlhood. See the wrinkles that lie at the corners of her still beautiful eyes, and the lines of pain that hover around the sad and drooping mouth, which a few short years ago, would curl and dimple chin and cheek, in bewildering beauty. Speak kind and loving words, and this sad face—the shadow of

former days—will brighten again into youth and beauty.

Unconsciously the drooping shoulders will be held erect, and the weary step will change into the springing blitheness of girlhood. So, the husband, as he seats himself at the dinner table will look admiringly upon his wife's radiant face and say: "Why, Mary, you look as young and pretty as you did when first we met! come lass, and give me a kiss."

He is unconscious that a few words from him have proven the great tonic of life.

And the wife finishes her work, stepping with girlish lightness, with a joyous and smiling countenance, thinking, "How happy and thankful I should be for all the blessings heaped upon me." From her overflowing heart their will rise to her lips a triumphant song, that she sang in early days, before she knew care or sorrow.

As the young girl passes from maidenhood to womanhood she does not realize that she possesses the power of uplifting and ennobling, or of crushing and destroying.

When the man who loves her whispers to her his hopes, the drooping lids are raised and the beautiful eyes look into his pleading face. We look into their depths and see that the fancies of girlhood have forever vanished, and the dawning knowledge of womanhood has taken possession.

The wicked are fallen, but who shall say there

is no salvation? A kind word spoken by the Christian whose daily life is his passport, may be the means of uplifting even the most degraded, and making of them markers along life's pathway—markers to guide the pilgrim's footsteps into paths of peace and right.

We are enchanted as these kaleidoscopic views pass before us, and watch with eagerness for the changing scenes.

But evil pictures darken the canvas, and we behold what misery the tongue can cause. We watch in sorrow as the people who profess to be kind hasten to secure the crumbs that the great wave of gossip strews upon the banks of scandal. This tiny piece is rolled from tongue to tongue till it assumes enormous proportions.

The heated words will scorch and burn what was once pleasing to behold, untill at last it will be tossed aside, as blackened beyond the taste even of the most fastidious scandal monger.

It is far more kind to murder the body than to damn the soul!

Take a character that is pure and white. Some malicious tongue is set to work with the intention of degrading this one.

The gossip begins modestly, and with each time it is repeated, grows until even friends will begin to look darkly upon the object of the attack; acquaintances will cease to bow to this unfortunate one upon the street. And, although the heart is

wrung, the head is held proudly erect, in defiance of gossip. At last it reaches brothers and sisters, and thep are highly indignant. Then, as time rolls on, they, too, will cast suspicious glances upon you. And, seeing this you give up the struggle in despair, and lose all hope. Then. if you have not a strong sustaining will, you will helplessly drift down the stream, (which seems resistless), until at last you are a total wreck. And as far as the better world is concerned your soul is utterly dead, and the tongue of gossip is your destroyer.

The fiend that murdered this innocent character will walk, it may be, along paths of roses and be admired and flattered. But the sword of the Avenger is rapidly descending, to forever cut down the deliberate and unrepentant destroyer of human character.

HOME.

"Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, of home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away;
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone—
That tuneful peal will still ring on;
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells."

"Those Evening Bells."

—By THOMAS MOORE.

Home! What a feeling of peace and rest steals like a gentle zephyr over the heart, as we speak that sweet word, "Home!"

Home, where one may bar the doors against those who would intrude upon one's time and matters belonging exclusively to one's self or the home circle—where can be found a place of refuge in time of trouble, and be alone to give vent to pent up anguish.

Home, where we pour out our griefs and woes, our joys and ecstasies; whether grief or joy, they fall upon sympathetic ears—and are fully appreciated *only* by our loved ones at "Home." Oh, what greater blessing could be desired than a happy

home-circle, where there is no vacant chair to sadden the gay laughter, or cloud the smiling face?

"Home, sweet home." As I repeat the words, they blend in heavenly harmony. The music becomes more distinct, and in my ears now ring angel voices in the last strains of that sweet old song:

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

Oft in childhood when the willful playmate vexed you, you would hastily gather together the toys of which you were so proud, and with form drawn up to the fullest height in righteous indignation, you would announce in haughty tones these crushing words—"I am going home," and with all the pride you could command, walk proudly away.

Home! even as children, though not realizing all the blessings of a home, yet, there is where our troubles were carried. When the little ripples widened and roughened the peaceful and quiet waters of childhood, instinctively you would turn your thoughts and face homeward.

Then as age begins to overtake us, when we have battled with the waves of Circumstance, finally our frail bark strikes upon the shoals of Discouragement, and the first thought is, "I am going home!"

Home! when the day's toil is ended, the fond husband takes up his dinner bucket and hurries home to mingle with wife and children, and enjoy the warmth and cheerfulness of his own fireside—

forgetting shop and outside world, totally wrapped up in family and "Home."

What does it matter if his home is only a little vine-wreathed cottage upon the hillside?

What care he for the great world? His world is there in that small dwelling.

The patter of tiny feet is heard, as the little ones hurry to greet him. The childish prattle, and the joyous chiming laughter is the sweetest music to his ears.

Could one ask a greater blessing than a home, a happy home?

REWARDS OF FAME.

Fame! the great King, whom all aspirants to his favor hold in awe. And well they may. For the happiness of this tyrant's life consists in torturing those who, with fear and trembling, sue for his approval.

And as they bow before him offering upon golden salvers precious gifts, they are fully cognizant that the gems they offer, are precious jewels of rare quality.

Why do they tremble, as if, instead of real jewels, they proffered worthless imitation? Because they know he is a capricious sovereign; that their magnificent offerings, may bring forth only a sarcastic refusal.

Today he spurns the gift which, if presented tomorrow, may cause the blandest smile to play upon his cynical lips, and he may then accept the gifts, and bestow upon the givers their just praises.

Let us look upon the awe-stricken donor!

What means the refusal to him, who, year by year, has laboriously dug from the mine of mind, these jewels? Jealously has he guarded them by day and by night. He assumes a courage he is far

from possessing; and striving to gain control of himself, humbly proffers the casket to his sovereign. And for his effort, receives from the haughty monarch a mocking smile as he is calmly waved from The presence.

The poor, grief-striken subject who has humbly pleaded for favor, with the realization of his failure weighing him down, crushing his every hope, creeps from the dread presence.

He returns to the poor, poverty-stricken room he calls home, where he can give vent to the pent up anguish, free from inquiring eyes, and away from the public sneer.

With a stifled groan, he bows his head upon his hands and sobs in bitter realization that, to him, life is a failure.

Do not judge him wrongly! He mourns not for the loss of the favors, which the acceptance of his gifts would have brought him, but sighs (and without egotism), for "the loss the world has sustained."

And so the casket is thrust in a dark corner, where Time may furnish a friendly covering of dust.

Wearily the owner of the casket plods along until at last he reaches the end of what was to him a long and painful journey, Gladly he welcomes the rest, e'en though it be in a potter's field.

Years have rolled by. King Fame still reigns. The years have left no trace upon the locks that

caress the broad brow; and in his bland and smiling face are found no furrows.

The monarch impulsively turns to his attendants and orders that the poor subject of years ago be brought immediately before him.

In astonishment they gaze upon him, until, seeing the smile has faded, and a thunderous frown darkens his brow, hasten in confusion to do his bidding. The search is a long, weary one.

At last their patience is rewarded, and they find the object of their search is resting upon the common couch—Death—where even their king is powerless to bid him wake.

Hurrying to their master, they disclose the success and failure of the search.

He impatiently listens, and gives hurried orders for them to "search for the casket."

Again they hurry forth to do the King's bidding.

After days of searching, the casket is found. It is tarnished, but not the jewels it contains.

With jubilant hearts they carry it to the king, and humbly lay it at his feet.

Opening the casket in haste, he examines the contents. And now does the monarch decree that the name of the owner, (who had labored to gather together these treasures), be proclaimed from end to end of his kingdom, and heaps praises upon the gems.

Too late! The ears are dulled, the tongue is

dumb and the cold heart responds not to the call of Fame.

He is gone, gone where "Fame" is a trifle unworthy of consideration.

And such today, is the reward of "Fame!"

Fame sought seems almost unattainable.

Fame possessed is as chaff before the winds.

FACES REFLECTED.

Lookout Mountain is one of the most picturesque spots on earth, and one of the most picturesque spots upon its historic heights is the beautiful Lula Lake and mad Little Lula Falls, which sends its dashing sprays over the sharp stones in wild confusion and splendor.

As I stand and look from cliff to cliff, o'er grown with Nature's sweetest flowers, I turn my eyes upon the rippling waters of the lake below, and say in my mind, how insignificant is the hand of man, compared with the Mighty One that guides the brush which ever moves rapidly over earth's great canvas!

As I listen to the falling waters the words of Wilson recur to my mind, as the music of the water,

"Too softly sung for grief, too grave for mirth."

In fancy I see beautiful faces and forms in the fleecy sprays.

One sprite seems to toss the sparkling drops and her ringing laugh re-echoes from cliff to cliff. She pauses in wonder, gazing upon the sad and

thoughtful face bent above her, crying in shrill tones, that are flung back from the rocks in many echoes: "Why stand ye there in sadness, and almost in tears! Why stand ye looking down upon my happiness, with reproachful eyes? Laugh, be happy and gay! Take life lightly! Ha! ha! What care we what lies beyond. Now is the time to enjoy life! If you want to be truly happy, do not stop to think of the future, for that only brings sorrowing thoughts."

With a bright smile, she turns, waving her tiny hand that, seems to say: "Be happy, regardless of the future and its consequence."

My eyes follow her as she floats on, her tangled golden locks looking like a parting sunbeam.

I stand mute considering her advice, a smile upon my lips.

With a sudden impulse I bend forward, gazing with hushed breath upon the wonderful vision below me.

Another face appears.

I look, my heart beating fast in sympathy with the dark sorrowful features beneath, where scorn of the false, thoughtless and wicked lay pictured; the brow is noble and lofty; one only need glance upon it to know that all infinite knowledge lay therein, strengthened by noble resolution. The eyes are large and soft, but capable of seeing through all falseness and sin; and yet, with a glittering vail of

unshed tears lying in their depths—tears for the weak and sinful.

She cries in thrilling tones: "Oh, foolish one! Why stand ye there, following with anxious eyes the tempter! Would ye, in folly, listen to her advice and be happy (if such the meaning of the word) for only a brief space, and then suffer for cycles upon cycles of ages—and the bitterest suffering of all the realization of your own weakness?"

Then raising her arms imploringly she cries: "Do not listen to the fair-voiced temptress! What right have you to be so thoughtlessly happy, when He suffered and died for you? Go, thoughtless one, do noble deeds; suffer and lift men up; instead of helping the careless throng that is ever dragging them down! Ah, me! all to willing captives. Go! and in ages to come, you will look upon the mortal life you have laid aside forever, and with everlasting happiness as a crown upon your immortal brow, will blush at the petty thoughts of today!"

Her sad yet angelic smile grows dimmer, the blue waters close over her, and I stand—alone!

PRIDE.

"Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

* * * * *

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream and view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have done."

From "Oh! why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?"

By WILLIAM KNOX.

A limited amount of pride is one of the requisites.

To be prideless, is contemptible.

To be *too* proud is a fault.

Pride! The pride that blesses is that which will keep a man from uttering a false word that will create in him a preference for death, rather than to defame a character, or be guilty of an act unworthy of a gentlemen; that will cause him to seek for friends among men who are possessed of brains, and are ever striving for mastery over their evil tendencies; who strive to live so that when the fleeting years have passed, and they are laid away;

they will be spoken of by thoughtful men as "noble characters." The man with this kind of pride, when seeking friends, cares not if his coat is old and worn, so it is honestly bought and neatly kept. He is not looking for an up-to-date suit, regardless of the heart which beats behind the fashionable shirt bosom. No, no! He looks for friends among conscientious men; who will prove gentlemen upon all occasions. Those who have a will of their own, but are ever ready, and willing, to acknowledge a higher power than man's. A man having such pride, will prove a blessing to all with whom he comes in contact. Such a man will ever prove a true friend.

To be prideless—what a repulsive picture stands boldly forth in the mind's eye! What food for thought! With unwilling eyes we gaze upon the scene. A room where poverty reigns supreme, and languishes in the filth of carelessness.

Do not understand me to say poverty is lack of pride. Thank heaven, poverty of itself is no disgrace! It is only when bared of all things that make it worth while to strive to keep body and soul together, which the proud but poverty stricken man labors to do. When the body is stripped of its covering and stands before the public, nude and unshamed, then does poverty become a disgrace. However, the painful fact remains that many, many of the so-called intellectual and wealthy people look upon poverty as disgraceful.

Poverty, yoked with an evil mind and a lack of

will to resist the brute nature that is dominant—poverty so surrounded is a disgrace.

So is wealth even more disgraceful on account of enlarged facilities for evil doing. Poverty and riches alike must be sustained by pride. An over-abundance of pride, either in poverty or riches is almost as fatal as the entire lack of it.

Too much pride will usurp the throne of every noble thought, and with an iron hand crush the kind impulses.

As children, there is not much danger to be apprehended, of the little ones possessing the fatal fault—false pride. In their innocent realms do the rich and poor share alike, and the off-spring of poverty is as much an object of love as the child of fortune. Watch the children grow into boyhood and girlhood! Then do we see that the world's heartless teaching and the efforts of ambitious parents are taking deep root in the fertile brain-soil of the impressionable youth and maiden, and we behold in sorrow, as the beautiful buds unfold their leaves, and the rose that was thought would bloom in beauty, and gladden the hearts of all by its fragrance, has become an object of disgust, and a stench to the nostrils of all noble, intellectual, and kind-hearted people.

You and I have watched the oft-repeated dramas of life; as the maiden will break the ties of love which once bound the hearts of the child of poverty, and the prospective heiress, she will wound

the loving heart of perhaps the best friend she will ever possess. False pride is her master. Oh, young woman of fortune, why will you scorn the poor maiden, who probably posesses far more beauty and talents than yourself, and whose lofty character may totally eclipse your own, and shut out the glittering splendor of your millions of gold!

Young man, forget not the friend of your youth; his jeans may turn to broadcloth.

Young woman, spurn not your child friend in the calico frock; you may need her helping hand to lift you out of the depths.

TIME'S ONWARD FLIGHT.

"Backward, turn backward oh, Time, in your flight!"

What a trick Time has of rolling on. Time, the great monarch of humanity, comes stealing quietly along, like the first rays of the golden dawn; like the faint fragrance of a sweet flower, wafted on the gentle breeze. On, on, and yet onward, ever with soft caress and alluring smile. Ah, he is by our side! We smile cheerfully and think, "after all, what does it matter, though he has overtaken us!" We feel assured he will prove a pleasant companion. He is gifted in *making us forget*; and, alas! he alone possesses that great gift. He controls the ebb and flow of the fabled Lethe's waters. But sometimes, it seems, he is partial; and, like all other monarchs, has his favorites, to whom he gives freely; and to others he gives (if at all) with a grudge that leaves an after-taste of bitterness.

Yes, Time now walks by our side and pours into our ears beautiful, eloquent words. Our steps are arrested. We are oblivious to all else in our eagerness to catch everything that falls from his lips. Soon we see that time is quickening his pace, and we hurry to keep near him; oh, the startling realization! His strides are lengthening, and the

sound of his voice is becoming fainter and fainter. Our voices are raised in entreaty; the beseeching appeal expands into a frightened cry, then dies in a moan of despair!

He is gone! Lost in the distance, and. in the faint echo of his voice we catch the words:

"Time and Tide wait for no man!"

All that seems left for us is to bemoan our fate.

Time is in the forefront; opportunity is behind us.

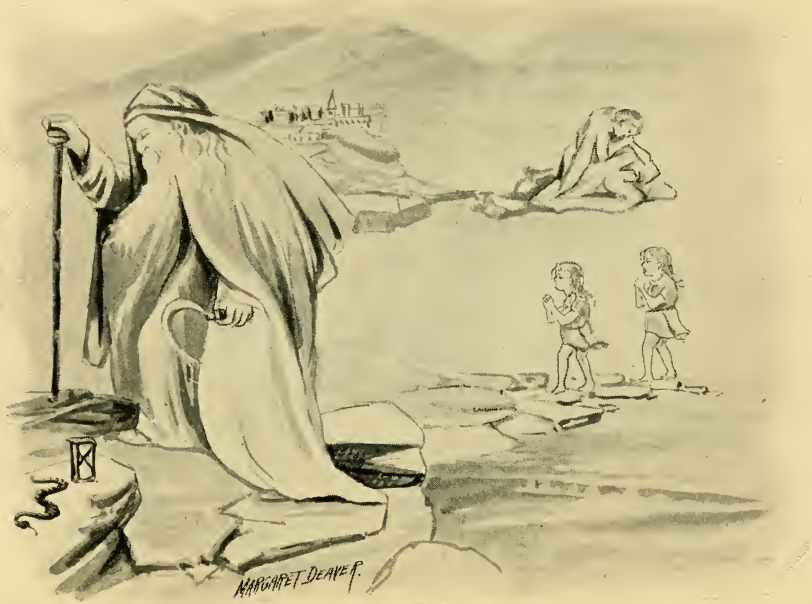
Our footsteps lack fleetness, and there is no turning back.

The Minutes come dancing by—faithful servants of the great monarch. Casting one glance of contempt upon these poor, foolish, unfortunate beings they cry out: "Touch not the garments of the foolish, for see! E'en though the Old Year monarch, Time, has passed, and the foolish profited not by his passing, they idly sit and pine, unmindful that the glass is turned, and the grains of sand are slowly measuring the growth of the New.

A sympathetic minute calls to his companion, who is just a step in advance, saying: "Stay! can not we stop to give comfort to the careless wayfarer?"

The indignant answer comes rolling back: "Be not traitors to King Time! Away! away! Faithful servants all!"

"Aye, aye! the King hath need of me! Watch lest he again should pass you by!"


MARGARET DEAVE f.

MINOR CHORDS.

* * * The moon! she is the source of sighs,
The very face to make us sad;
If but to think in other times
The same calm quiet look she had,
As if the world held nothing base,
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;
The same fair light that shown in streams,
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;
For so it is, with spent delights
She taunts men's brains and makes them mad.

From THOMAS HOOD'S "Ode to Melancholy."

My window is open wide, and in silence I gaze upon the heaven, where the Queen of night shines in all her loveliness. She is superb in her pearly splendor and seems in a happy mood, while, with smiling face, she scatters a silvery brightness over land and sea. The breezes murmur of her loveliness, kissing her rounded cheeks, rushing swiftly on to tell the monarch of the forest of her exquisite beauty.

The oak listens, and with unbounded enthusiasm, the breezes pour into his ears, their praise of the lovely creature; yet he stands erect, with unsmiling face, nor does he, by look or jesture, give any sign of his pleasure or displeasure.

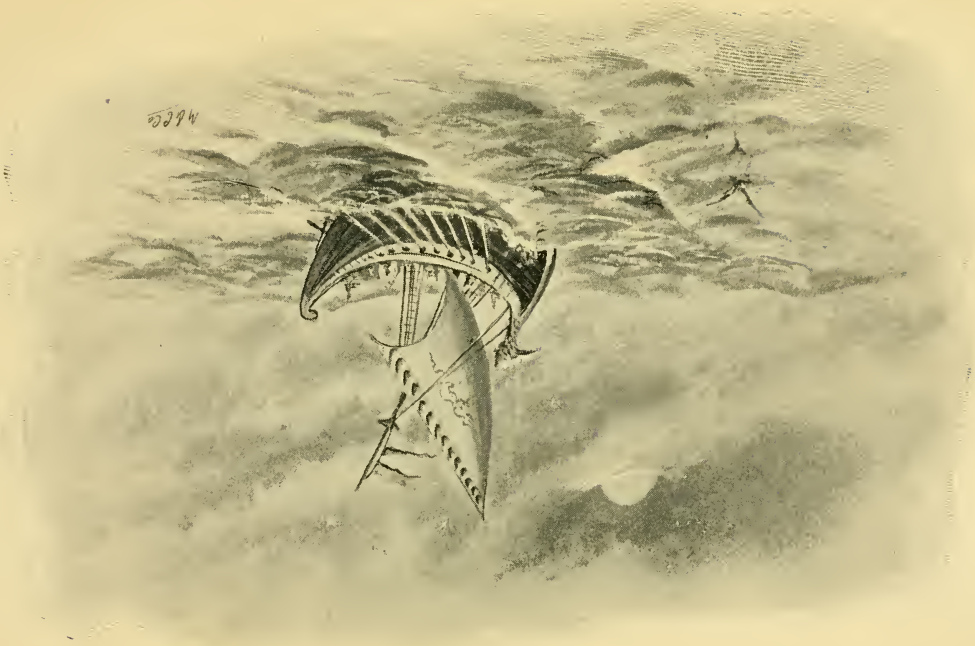
His innumerable subjects, regardless of his

smiles or frowns, whisper softly to one another, fluttering with excitement as they listen to the ardent praise of the enthusiastic admirers. They, too, since the coming of the visitors, long to behold the face of the Queen! In the desire for this pleasure, they forget the loyalty due their King, and recklessly throw to the winds their faint scruples (as the subjects of every King have done), and plunge into space, when, too late, they realize the fate that awaits them—that of a grave among countless fellow creatures who had previously gone that way—where, in a short time, their bodies will decay, and return to earth (the fate of all). Then may the light falling from the glorious eyes of the Queen shed a faint ray of light upon the lonely place where these daring ones rest, touching with splendor for a moment the forgotten graves, as with smiling face she moves majestically onward.

"For so it is with spent delights," when the reckless ones have given all to grasp pleasure, thinking they have captured the resistless creature, and will ever hold her in thraldom, then do they find she is only a phantom form.

Realizing this, pleasure turns to folly before their eyes, and brings unutterable disgust.

So, while admiring the face of the moon, sad thoughts will flit, as moving pictures, before our eyes; sadness, which affects the fountain of life, reflecting therein our complete unworthiness, and what weak, sinful creatures we are.



While I look upon the majestic loveliness of the night Queen, a sadness steals over me—a sadness dotted with thrills of joy, broidered with deep borders of sorrow—as in half-dazed thought and fascinated eyes I gaze upon her face.

We can rejoice in the thought that, though separated from our loved ones by many, many miles, yet can we look upon the same beautiful object, knowing that, as the moon swings across the dome of heaven, she sheds her radiance over all. Whether in distant lands, or upon ocean's waves, they, too, can feast their eyes upon the moon's loveliness, and thank the Creator for this moving light, which sheds its pearly splendor upon millions of heads—and among those millions, there rests the heads of loved ones.

What does it matter, if, in looking upon her face, she touches with gentle finger the chord of melancholy?

The measure of happiness is out of harmony without the minor note of melancholy.

FRIENDSHIP.

There is a phantom which frequently flits before the mind's eye, and from shadowy outlines takes the form of this tormenting question: Is there such a virtue as true friendship in this busy, selfish world, or, is it another one of life's sweet illusions?

There is a venerable old gentleman who roams the world over. What happiness he brings to every home! And yet some people object to their little ones being taught of his existence. The name of this wanderer, is Santa Claus.

He is loved by all children, and their fondest hope is that they may be visited by him. Sad is the home where no Santa Claus stops at Christmas-tide. True, we older folks know he is only a myth, and were forced, all too soon, to realize we were deluded creatures. Yet when we think of the happiness this grand old man brings to the little ones, as they anticipate his visits, we say, "let them, in their innocence enjoy these moments of unalloyed bliss, while they romp gleefully through this short and narrow vale of childhood!"

In a few years, which will pass on fleet wings, these little creatures will come to the one whom in

childhood they thought the wisest of beings, and with great sorrow written upon their faces, will startle her with the declaration: "Mamma, there is no Santa Claus," and lifting their tear-dimmed eyes to mamma's, will ask: "Is there really no Santa Claus?" Then will she turn from them in sorrow, knowing not how to answer, realizing the startling truth that the baby is a being of the past. I truly think that this is the greatest sorrow of early years, when we find there is no Santa Claus.

Then, when older "children," we become perplexed with serious questions, we have not the advantages, we had in childhood when we could turn to mother, who, when answering yes or no, would place us in position to defy the world if necessary, because *mother said so.*

Years pass by. We arrive at the age, when the mere fact of others answering in the affirmative does not satisfy us. We must satisfactorily answer these puzzling questions for ourselves.

I often think how abused is the word "friend," as in every day walks of life I find men and women will meet strangers, and almost in a day's time, will label them "friends." Watching them I think of these lines:

"Friendship is no plant of hasty growth; tho' planted in esteem's deep fixed soil, the gradual culture of kind intercourse must bring to it perfection."

Shakespeare says, in speaking of friendship:

"So we grow together, like a double cherry, seeming

parted, but yet a union in partition—two lovely berries molded on the same stem; so with two seeming bodies, but one heart."

How sweet would be friendship, if we could go to those we have chosen to be our friends, and in our hours of gladness pour into their listening ears, the happiness that mastered us. Or, again, in hours of sadness, when we long for sympathy, and some one to advise us, we could go to these friendly ones and tell them of our sorrow, knowing we will there find loving sympathy.

A friend is a congenial soul—one of whom you could make a confidante, without fear of being betrayed; one who would gladly lay down life to serve you, and save you pain.

Such is true friendship!

OH, FOR A GLANCE!

I often wonder if other girls look upon life as I do? Life, the incomprehensible enigma, which thousands have tried in vain to solve.

Ever since my early childhood I have looked upon this question seriously, and as I grew into young maidenhood, it has become more and more puzzling to me. This thought is ever beating painfully in my brain: "How shall I face life; what am I to do?" If I ever prayed earnestly, this prayer is truly from the heart, "Oh, God, help me to do the right."

Sometimes I pace restlessly back and forth, my soul perplexed with tormenting thoughts.

What is before me?

Oh, for power to raise the curtain of future years and to take one sweeping glance! Would I shrink back in terror at the appalling sight?

Ah! it is far better unknown!

"Could I recall the by-gone years,
Would they not be improved?
Would they be spent in smiles or tears—
My heart from sin removed?
Would joy, or grief, attend my way?
Would all be Night, or all be Day?"

Sometimes I think I shall be severely punished

for this discontent; and if I am, I shall know it is just. But I do shrink from the approaching years —I have not the courage to face the future. This is my confession!

I have arrived at the conclusion, if we have any desire to be happy, and enjoy life, we should *never* be serious.

This bears a resemblance to "ideals."

I have given that question much serious thought, and have decided that "ideals" are but phantoms, after which we chase, and when we grasp at them, we find they are but creatures of the imagination, that bring only discontent and longing for something that cannot be realized.

I have read somewhere that—

> "The past and future are nothing,
> In the face of stern today!"

I like this—it soothes me in my hours of restlessness and is a balm for my morbid spirit. It calls forth the thought that "We can only live a day at a time," and here am I, trying to amass the future years (that ever roll swiftly by), trying, as I say, to arrange them in one day, so I could live them and bid life, it might be, after all this discontent with it, a sad farewell—

MEMORY.

The dawn is breaking.

The violet rays broadening, turn to the dantiest of rose hues, that the fair maiden in beauty's bower might justly envy.

Now, the clouds assume a golden splendor, and, as the sun beams forth, scattering blinding darts of flame along the pathway, which is strewn with roses of every hue. This golden light, as it falls upon leaf and tinted petal, reveals the sparkling drops of heavenly dew, which fancy converts into tears that have fallen from Melancholy's saddened eyes, as, in the friendly darkness of night, she wept alone.

It is indeed a scene of bewildering beauty.

Through this bewitching scene, Memory walks with drooping head.

'Tis a face that reflects as a mirrow, every passing thought, and with the swiftness of the lightning it shows forth indignation, sadness, calmness—and these, in a moment's time, are replaced by the expression of merriment—the eyes and lips all laughter and mirth. And so Memory is ever a mischievous sprite, who, in moments of sadness flings darts of ridiculous humor across our path,

which, for a time, causes the sorrowful face to lose the pained expression, and a smile to lighten the eyes and touch the sad lips into sudden beauty.

And again, for our gayer hours, when happiness, like a breath of summer, is wafting us on and on—she has then, her moments of saddened thoughts to cast along our path; which cause us to shrink as if a hand had roughly seized the heart strings which were attuned to happiness.

So, through life, this sprite we choose to call "Memory," who sings in sweetest strains heaven's melodies, and as we are lost in rapturous admiration and thrilled with exquisite joy, will coldly tread upon the heart, regarding not the pain she causes, and when in anguish we plead for mercy, she turns her regal head and allows her pitying eyes to rest upon us, her lips parting in a saddened smile, as she exclaims:

"Why dost thou appeal to me? for here am I, destined to wander in this vast, and dreary land, flitting among the wrecks which strew the banks of past time! Blame me not if I sometimes smile, or again sadden as I stand beside the funeral bier of dark deeds, and view in horror the sickening and decaying bodies; when, in haste, I pass this horror-inspiring and repulsive picture, do not reproach me, as, in my hurried flight, I pass on to wrecks which have been washed high upon Memory's shore, and see there ridiculous pictures which cause me to laugh heartily. These flitting moods are my birth-

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MARGARET BOWER

right—and as countless ages roll on and find a shadowy tomb in the realms of Memory, yet will I remain the same ; bringing sometimes sorrow, sometimes joy, until the world shall cease to wheel through space !

FROM CLOUD TO SUNSHINE.

Clouds!

Clouds everywhere.

Clouds being whirled along with the rapidity of a cyclone; now such masses of dense darkness that one almost ceases to breath, with only a sensation of flying through space on eagle wings, wildly flinging the hands to grasp—empty air, seeing no ray of light, only feeling within the heart a force that fills you with a terrible thrill of horror, carrying you on and on—where?

Suddenly there is a blinding flash of light, that makes the senses reel.

With starting eyes I see rolling tongues of flames, that are hissing and seething, but no clouds of ashes.

Hist! that was surely a cry!

It cannot be the storm spirits, for with that sound I hear not the frenzied shrieks of joy and ecstasy that you catch from those madly flying phantoms. Surely they are the shrieks of miserable souls, tortured, it would seem, almost beyond endurance.

Why does my heart grow faint, and almost cease to beat, then throb with such fear and pity?

Ah, joy, joy! I am being carried on! I gather

courage and cast a backward glance, seeing spirit hands beckoning, and imploringly flung out.

Can this be myself? I laugh madly and cry, "What have I to do with thee, oh, sin and punishment!"

Lo! the scene is changed!

Am I awake? Surely, I dream! What is this I see—a couch where innocence and sin together rest? A scene of beauty so pale and fair, with flowing draperies and locks of tangled gold.

Half of a dainty foot peeping from under the folds of soft garments; one can clearly trace the beautiful limbs so gracefully curved. But with this vision of seeming youth and innocence, the round sinuous body of a jetty reptile appears lying across the snowy ankle; along the edge of the couch, with graceful bend the neck is turned and the hideous head of this monster reposes upon the gentle breast, where the tangled locks form a mesh of gold, and the lovely shoulder peeps forth in all its delicate beauty. I catch a glimpse of another horrible black head.

I am spellbound, facinated. Creeping nearer and nearer, I stand, at last, beside this couch.

I bend closer, with gasping breath, and unbelieving eye.

"I look upon the sleeping form—
Nor stir, lest I the slumber break!
But lo! it is th' eternal sleep—
The sleep from which none ever wake!"

—R.

CONCLUSION.

"Go, you may call it madness, folly,—
You shall not chase my gloom away;
There's such a charm in melancholy,
I would not, if I could, be gay."

—ROGERS.

Great waves of sadness roll over me, and yet I know not why my soul is so tempest-tossed, or why, today, I feel myself sinking, sinking beneath a sea of misery; or why, tomorrow, I may stand with folded arms, looking back on the restless creature of today, with a cynical smile, prone to believe that the calm soul of the present was, but a few hours ago, lost in despair!

In my despairing moments come the words of the saviour, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Then, when "Peace like a river attendeth my way," I look to Him with grateful heart and say, "Father, I thank Thee; may I never again suffer the sad pangs of the past."

"O, Father, guide me to my journey's end—
Light Thou my way;
May darkness be dispelled—my soul ascend
To Heaven's day."

—R.

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